

# The Times.



The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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(WHOLE NO. 102.)

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

## NED PERCY;

O R.

## LOVE & PREJUDICE.

By Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

"My dear sister," said Edward Cameron, "what can you be so busily employed about this evening? I should think you were writing to some great dignitary."

"O! no," said Estelle, "only to an old schoolmate of mine, to whom I am in the habit of writing rather frequently, and to whom I love to communicate the news of the day—as she does to me—in turn."

"Well, suppose you make it convenient to defer your immediate matters and communicate with me a little, instead of your old schoolmate. You are aware that Miss Lawrence will call upon you to-morrow."

"And what of that? I see nothing very significant in her call—nor why you should take any particular interest in the matter, unless it may be that you feel a particular interest in the lady herself."

"Be not too apprehensive, Estelle, on that point—for you know I am not apt to be suddenly carried away with the ladies—though it is possible I am not utterly destitute of susceptibility. What I was going to say, however, was this; that I first tendered my assistance to a very beautiful young lady, in extricating her from a carriage, the horses of which had taken fright, exposing her to imminent danger. And after having quieted the horses, requested her to remain, but she insisted on continuing her journey, with no protector, but her little brother—their destination being the house of a relative some twenty miles distant—this relative she represented to be very ill. I am ignorant of the particulars, but the lady seemed much more concerned about the ill person in question, than for her own safety. And indeed I am really apprehensive for her life, for the horses, which were in her charge, were the most unmanageable that I ever saw."

"As her visit was one of sympathy," replied Estelle, "I predict her safe arrival. But the lady was beautiful, was she?"

"Few are more so—but her voice most charmed me—for there was a mild sweetness in it, that was peculiarly striking. But I cannot so readily recall her features or describe them. Still she was extremely fair."

"How very strange," replied Estelle, "that such a stoic as you always have been, should feel so much anxiety on account of a transient person on a journey! You know whence nor whether. Should you chance to see her again, you will be apt to find all her charms an illusion, and instead of a paragon of beauty, a deceptive sybil! Hardly at least will she compare with the lady to whom I was just writing—my best, my earliest school friend—Clara Sinclair."

"O! you girls," replied Edward, "are always going into ecstasies like a school-day hoiden, who is in the habit of climbing fences, building miniature fort-dams, and a thousand other fantastic humdrums!"

"What a Cato you have become in censorship," said Estelle, "I really believe that his ghost must be haunting you!—but know, my grand seignior, that Miss Clara is no hoiden but a sensible and gentle lady."

"Ah! possibly I am mistaken—if so, I must beg pardon of course."

"Indeed you must, for well do I remember the sympathy she felt for my little brother Charlie, and the beautiful and dignified lines which she composed on his death. And besides, she is so self-sacrificing."

"What a combination of good qualities she must possess! Do describe her many virtues more at large. What for instance is her complexion?—what is the color of her hair?"

"Well, if you wish to be so particular. Her hair is red—her complexion of course corresponds to her hair."

"Red hair, did you say? red!—oh! awful, awful!—never whisper her name again, if you please. Should I have the necessity inflicted upon me to be in her presence, may it be in the winter and at the North Pole, that I may feel the warmth issuing from her inflamed head!"

"Issuing from your own silly brain rather—for no sensible man ever expresses himself so ungallantly and cruelly—but be assured, my dear brother, that Clara is not dependent on you for admiration."

"Well, sister, we will not quarrel about the red-haired belle, but you know I do not fancy a complexion of that sort."

Ned chose to forget that his own whiskers were of the red order, and that art only had rendered them tolerable to his own vision.

This discussion between Ned and his sister having ended, the latter finished her letter to Clara Sinclair—to this letter Estelle soon received a reply, stating that

Clara had been absent from home, but that she would soon pay her the long-promised visit.

In the meantime, Miss Lawrence had made her call on Estelle with whom she, in a little time, became intimately acquainted; Ned likewise paid her a great deal of attention.

Miss Lawrence was a lady of strikingly charming features, able without an effort to captivate the eye, and secure the heart. She was one of the fashionables in the world, and understood all the arts and artifices of that class in society. Her complexion was pleasing—her eyes dark—her hair black and her conversation witty and fascinating. "Her own sphere was the only one worthy of the gentle and refined. There was all the taste and refinement—all the intelligence and elevation." So she insisted.

On a cold day in October Miss Sinclair arrived at the residence of Mrs. Percy, the mother of Estelle. She was received cordially by the Percys, and made to feel quite at home.

Ned Percy was not present at the time of her arrival. Estelle conducted Clara to the parlor and there they recalled their school-days and early sports and pastimes, equally pleased with those reminiscences.

Ned came on the veranda, and somewhat to his surprise, saw sitting there a strange lady. A second glance at her hair sufficed—he sprang to his room, and deliberating a moment, returned with his gun in hand, not to become acquainted with the new visitor, but to move abroad in the woods, only to avoid the necessity of forming an acquaintance with Estelle's admired schoolmate with red hair. Nor did he return home till after dark. The next morning he left for a village some twenty miles distant to avoid the company of this lady.

From his sister in the meantime he often received letters in which she did not even rebuke him for his abrupt departure, nor did she notice it in her letters. Still she was careful to speak of Miss Sinclair's captivating every one within her circle of acquaintances, and ended her commendations of her, by stating that a gentleman, whose name was Albright, was much smitten by her charms. Ned began to feel a little ill at ease, when he recalled his sudden departure and neglect of the fair lady, and almost to regret his precipitancy. Still he was not much disposed to return home, for now he was in the vicinity of the lady whom he had extricated from the carriage, the horses of which, as we have remarked, had taken flight, and exposed her life to danger. Here he indulged the hope that he should in some way fall into her company, but alas! he was disappointed, for no such lady as the one described by him, he was informed, had been seen in that region.

And yet a gentleman stated to him that a young lady often came there to see a sick relative.

"And what was the complexion of the lady?" said Ned. "Has she red hair?"

"And what if she has?" said he, "she is a most estimable young lady."

"O! fiddle-dee-dee!" said Ned, as he turned away from the old gentleman, "I do wish that I could hear of somebody else than that red-haired belle!"

Saying this he turned aside, "O! misery! I could part with a fortune if only Frederick Albright would marry her and change her name!"

And now having finished his visit, Ned set out for his home, and when within five or six miles of it, a shower overtook him; and night coming on he was compelled to take shelter at the house of an old friend of his father's. Here he found had just closed the festivities of a gay party, and that the guests were just in readiness to retire. He was introduced at this moment, but did not notice the persons particularly, except that one amongst them was his sister. The shower soon disappeared, and Ned, out of politeness, (as his sister was not immediately to leave,) offered a seat to the first lady to whom he was more especially introduced, and this lady felt obliged to accept of his politeness as Estelle had designated arranged matters so that they must go home in each other's company. Ned handed the lady into his vehicle, sprang in it himself and drove off.

Now Ned tried to enter into an agreeable conversation with his companion, but she appeared reserved, and only replied to him in monosyllables. Still he resolved, if possible, to draw her out, he spoke of the beauty of the heavens—the blue arch spanned with gems—and ever glittering in the most effulgent glow, indicating the wonderful power and wisdom of their divine Author.

The lady soon forgetting her assumed reserve, expressed herself as a true lover of nature in ecstatic delight and like a very Delilah!

"Ah! that voice again!" Ned started—he was thrilled with joy—the same musical sound fell upon his ear! "Who could the lady be?" He certainly had not heard her name, but what happiness did he feel to hear that voice once more and to sit at the side of the fair lady?

The conversation now took a change. He spoke of her acquaintance in the city; she mentioned the name of Miss Lawrence, and remarked that Miss Lawrence was extremely beautiful. Especially did she admire her hair?

"Do you admire black hair?" inquired Ned.

"I do indeed," she replied. "But I think that red whiskers are abominable!" although she continued, "I admire intellectual talent more than complexion, and correct deportment more than either."

Ned mined under the implied rebuke, but having now reached the city, continued the conversation no longer, and only inquired of the lady "where she would be pleased to alight from the carriage?"

"At Mr. Percy's," replied the lady.

"Is it possible?" said Ned surprised.

"Is this really Miss Sinclair? I ask you ten thousand pardons for not recognizing you."

"You are entirely excusable," said she, "you were not able probably to determine my complexion, owing to the lateness of the hour, nor even the color of my hair!"

Ned wondered if his sister had been betraying him in any way, and had communicated to the fair lady any of his fastidiousness in regard to the color of her hair and of her accompanying complexion.

They had now entered Mr. Percy's mansion. Mr. Albright was at hand to greet Miss Sinclair, and to wait on her into the parlor. Ned, however, wished Albright at the poles; not fancying the peculiar interest which he seemed to manifest for the young lady.

Estelle, who had apparently intended to remain till the next day in the country had anticipated her brother and Miss Sinclair, and reached home before them by, (as they imagined,) some slight of hand movement.

She entered the parlor to keep company with Miss Sinclair—Ned still gazing at the beautiful features of his sister-in-law. "The hair! that indeed was red—alas! that was an evil still! but one constantly diminishing and soon to be none at all. Even if it had been blue, he could not have saved himself—he was a victim to the bewitching gaze! Now he was only anxious to secure her love. And yet why did he care for this? why now so much charmed? And why especially was Albright so attentive to Miss Sinclair, and why did she seem so much delighted with his company?"

Thus soliloquized Ned, and as he left the parlor and retired to rest, his thoughts were still engrossed with these reflections. Nor did he fail to dream that his destiny was fixed in the matter, for to his vision the die was cast in favor of Albright, and the prize gone from his grasp! A few days afterwards his sister added to his uneasiness by telling him that she really believed that Albright was engaged to Miss Sinclair!

He, however, replied that her faith in the matter might be wholly groundless, for it was extremely uncertain in his own mind whether she was engaged at all!

She saw her brother's disquietude but forbore making any further remarks in the matter.

After this time Ned determined to withdraw himself as much as possible from Miss Sinclair's society, as the more he was in her company the more he was charmed, and yet the more unhappy!

This resolution he made in the morning, but in the evening it gave way; and he was again by the side of his flame! This was constantly the case, and from day to day except only when Frederick Albright was present. Then chagrined he immediately withdrew, or if Miss Lawrence happened to be present, he devoted almost exclusive attention to her.

Miss Lawrence also was now becoming jealous of Miss Sinclair and took care frequently to remind Ned of Miss Sinclair's complexion—especially pointing out the objectionable qualities of her hair; remarking that in her estimation and in that of every one else, her red hair was a great detriment from her beauty.

Ned replied that he could hardly agree with her in this opinion, for her hair he considered one of her greatest recommendations. Indeed, even if it were optional with him to change it, he could by no means consent to the change!

In reply to this Miss Lawrence expressed her unfeigned astonishment at some people's taste—indeed, she doubted if some people had any taste at all!

Miss Sinclair's visit now grew towards a close. Poor Ned was extremely unhappy at this state of things. He was in doubt whether she was engaged to Albright, and whether, if she were not, she would heed his overtures. This dilemma was intolerable. It would have suited him better even to have heard that she was to be the bride of Albright, than to be in this wretched state of suspense; for then the point would be at least decided—and defeat would be better than doubt—certainly of any kind than perplexing uncertainty.

He sought an opportunity to know the worst, remarking to Miss Sinclair with the appearance of fortitude, and yet in a perfect tremor of the heart,

"So you leave us to-morrow, Miss Sinclair. How we shall miss you when you are gone?"

"Ah! not in the least I am apprehensive," said she, "for then you will have no one to interrupt your attractive interviews with Miss Lawrence!"

"Miss Lawrence, indeed!" Ned replied. "Ah! but I must not detract from a butterfly. Every creature, possibly, has charms—certainly those of bespangled colors have!"

The next day Ned determined that he would know his fate. The suspense which he endured was unsupportable. Twice, on the eve of a declaration, had he been interrupted. The very fates seemed to be against him. The day having come, was a beautiful one, and Miss Sinclair's uncle came not, as expected. Accordingly after dinner Ned asked her to take a walk. She accepted the invitation. What a fine day for the purpose! The heavens were blue and the air was serene—the landscapes were clothed with verdure and the vales were overspread with flowers of every hue. They wound their way along a lane hedged in with trees of every kind and variety, and from which the melody of birds resounded most delightfully in the ear.

What a fit time for lovers and their interviews! "O! how lonely will the hours be when you have gone!" said Ned, "will you have no regret separating from us?"

She spoke not—her face was suffused with the tints of the rose. She turned aside for a moment when lo! a voice fell upon their ears. Hastily looking around, who should be the intruder but the very one most dreaded, William Albright! Ned saw no one and was himself seen by Albright only. The latter saluted him, instantly again, and informed him that a gentleman desired to see him on a matter of importance.

Clara now insisted on returning home immediately. In company with Ned, she set out for home, almost at the same time, meeting the gentleman who had some important matter to present to his consideration. Thus Ned had no opportunity to convey his wishes to Clara unseen and unheard at this time, and was again sadly disappointed!

On arriving at his mother's he requested an interview after sunset, proposing at that time, to himself to accomplish what he so ardently desired. She consented to meet him at the time designated.

This being done he went to a store in the town and there found a telegraphic dispatch from Philadelphia to the effect, that he must go thither forthwith as a friend of his was at the point of death, and anxiously desired to see him before he died. He consulted his watch; The cars were to depart in ten minutes—he could not even return home to say adieu to any one of the inmates of the house—not even to cast a glance at Clara nor indicate the cause of his hasty departure. Ned for a moment vacillated in his mind—love urged him to stay—duty to go—that friend of his was dying—go he must—the whistle gave the signal for starting—he stepped aboard the cars and was soon far on the way to Philadelphia!

In a few hours he was there and at the bedside of his friend. Soon the dreadful scene was over. And his friend had closed his eyes in death, and he had the pleasing reflection of having visited him in his last hours.

None of his own family seemed to take any particular notice of Ned's absence so used were they to his rapid migratory movements. But not such was the case with Clara. As evening came on, she grew uneasy at his non-appearance. She was aware that Ned had given every indication of his love—and yet had not committed himself—and even now when he was about to do it, as she imagined, he did not appear. How strange! how surprising! all was now a mystery—but the next day, she thought that all would be explained. Alas! for her expectations—the very next day her uncle called to convey her home. A short time only had she now been in the cars when she should approach her but Albright. He began to converse with her by saying—that he was very sorry he had interrupted her colloquy with her friend Ned the day before that it was really unpremeditated and unexpected on his part.

"And why," said he, "is not your particular friend Percy in the cars with you to see you safely home?"

Clara answered, that he had been called away on some special emergency. Otherwise she did not doubt but that she should have been there favored.

"I suppose," said Albright "that he has told you that he is engaged to Miss Lawrence?"

"I had not even suspected such a thing," said Miss Sinclair. "And I can hardly think it is so?"

"Ah! indeed; why I did not know that the matter was doubted in the least, why, I understand that the only delay in the case for the final consummation of the affair is the coming of Miss Lawrence's father who is expected daily!"

"Ah!" thought Clara—though she did not utter the thought—"that—that is the secret that Ned had told me. O! how silly have I acted! how foolishly I have flattered myself with the idea, that he intended by his little attentions to win my regard!"

Thus she wrote bitter things against herself—and yet she could not but think that Ned had acted cruelly—whatever design he had in view. Surely he had deceived her. Nor was she entirely to be condemned for indulging in her vain speculations in regard to his favor. And despite her uncle's gay sallies and Albright's polite attentions, her journey homeward was a gloomy and thoughtful one. She had hoped that before this hour—all would have happily transpired in reference to herself and Ned's future designs. On reaching home, she was taken ill and Albright returned to his place of abode without having an opportunity again to see the disappointed Clara—he himself also in a state of disappointment in consequence.

A few days brought a letter from Ned—but Clara returned it unopened—charged at the neglect to which she had been subject and not the obvious interest which he had felt in Miss Lawrence.

Ned was now of the opinion too, that Albright had supplanted him, and that there was no longer any hope for him in the case. Hence he darted forthwith for a European tour—and Clara was left to pine away in suspense and agony!

Time passed away, summer changing to fall, and fall to winter—and yet all was monotony and grief to Clara. Her cheek had turned pale, and her step became less elastic. In view of this condition of hers, her uncle proposed, that she should take a trip to Lake George.

Clara consented to his proposal, but manifested no interest in it, beyond a desire to gratify her uncle. At Lake George, she anticipated nothing to amuse herself or to relieve her distress of mind.

And yet she admitted that there was much to thrill the affections in the variegated scenery in such a tour; and consequently could find no argument to urge against taking it. The mountains to be seen, the extended plains—the variety of landscape and river—and the far extending prairies, she felt would be worthy of the least observing traveller. The air likewise perfumed with multifarious flowers was a source of gratification. Passing through this delightful region of country, the effect on Clara's mind was soothing, if not entirely sanative. Nor could she fail to behold the works of her Creator without heartfelt acknowledgements of his power and love. And she trusted too, that his mercy might reach her in her forlorn condition. Lively emotions excited her mind, and hope sprang up in her breast.

It was a lovely evening—the sun had gone down in all his regal splendor, and fleecy clouds were flitting over the firmament and giving a silvery hue to the glowing sky. Such was the evening when Clara had walked out and was not far from a flowery arbor which seemed to invite to meditation. She was leaning against the lattice work, when suddenly from far from her she heard the sound of a voice—the voice, it seemed to her of an old acquaintance, and yet somewhat changed.

The conversation was that of a gentleman with a little boy, whose mother was ill—and for whom the gentleman expressed no little sympathy; at the same time placing in his hand a gold coin for the mother. The boy was highly delighted and bounded off in high spirits to his home to convey his treasure thither.

On noticing more particularly the mien of the gentleman, Clara recognized no other than Ned Percy.

Astonished, indeed, was she at this meeting of one so long absent and so much of a stranger to her now.

Nor was he less surprised than Clara. Neither knew what to do in the exigency—whether to salute each other or to retire from the place without a word of recognition.

After a little reflection Ned stepped forward and said—

"Why, Clara, is it you?—am I indeed so happy as to meet with you once more?"

At the same instant he took her by the hand. In a tremor she was ready to withdraw it. When he added, "Are you Clara Sinclair still?"

"Indeed, I am," said she. "What else should I be?"

"You should have been Clara Percy!" said Ned.

"And why was I not?"

"Ah! that I do not know," said Ned, "but that you declared my overtures."

"And did you not provoke me to it my dear friend?"

"Not willingly," said Ned.

"And were you not engaged to Miss Lawrence?"

"Never!"

"And did you not propose to be?"

"Never!"

"How could I have thought so then?"

"Albright was the cause of it possibly?"

"He was."

"And what a calamity has it been to me!"

"Not to you alone."

"Do you say so my dear Clara?"

"Indeed I do!"

"And can we not even now remedy the evil?"

"Ah! Ned that is for you to say—"

"Then it shall be done my dear Clara!"

And done it was, for in a short time Ned was married to Clara and both resumed their former health and cheerfulness—regretting indeed that the consummation of their happiness had been delayed so long by mere petty jealousy on their part and cruel insinuations of the part of those, that professed to be their mutual friends.

The marriage took place at Lake George, and the return homeward was far more joyful than the tour thither, as well as their future days than those previous to their union.

THE BRIDAL SONG.

Thrice happy the ties, that in union bind  
The sweetest affections in the bosom enfolded;  
And virtue enable in pleasure and pain,  
And lessen our losses and aid to our gain.

The flowers in spring-time may wither and fade,  
And sunshine be darkened with shadow and gloom,  
The skies, tho' effulgent, may cease, too, their  
And the mountains and valleys be covered with snow.

And fortune capricious in anger may frown,  
And cease as we labor, our labors to crown,  
And the world may neglect us or spurn us away,  
And friends, when we need them, most easily betray.

But love, O! 'tis love, that gives us delight,  
When glows the bright sunshine or darkens the night,  
Or care comes upon us, like a wave of the sea,  
Or life is a pasture of pleasure and glee!

What then do we need our pathway to cheer?  
Our life, as it passes, to render it dear?  
'Tis this, O! 'tis this, a sweet glowing smile,  
And a heart that can pity, if mortals revile!

From the N. C. Journal of Education.

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.

It is eminently proper that the first number of a Journal devoted to the cause of Education in North Carolina should contain a sketch of the professional life, character, and services of the late Prof. Mitchell, who was for forty years one of the most prominent of our teachers. The preparation of such a sketch will be found no easy matter. Material there is in abundance. But it is difficult to select that which will render such an article as this piquant, and suggestive of a prompt and persevering imitation of his useful and self-denying example. The life of a secluded teacher and devotee of Science often lacks incidents which are unique, and likely to set off his portrait to advantage. The huge glacier as it presses over a country shapes its hills, and gives direction and volume to its streams. Still the marks of its action may be apparent to the eyes of the educated only. But few may be able to distinguish the ridges of drift, and detect the straited boulders that attest the moulding power of its quiet but irresistible course. Although one might not point out many brilliant passages in Dr. Mitchell's life, nor recite many single acts that are peculiar and decided in their effects, yet that he was no common man, that the marks he made on the various departments of our social life were frequent and widely felt is clearly attested by the wide spread astonishment, almost horror, that followed the publication of his unexpected loss. There is hardly a newspaper in the Union that has not announced his death to its readers. Journals from New England to Louisiana have told about the great Professor, and expressed sympathy with the public of N. C. and with its University, under this afflictive dispensation. Statesmen trusted with a Nation's secrets, Ministers of the Gospel who come to us as ambassadors from the court of Heaven, Cabinet Officers whose skill is sealed by the applause of millions, Teachers in every grade of the service whose secluded and often ill requited labors form the strength and hope of our country, Farmers, Physicians, and Lawyers, Governors, Legislators and Judges, successful Merchants, and eminent politicians in all parts of our country, as his pupils gather around the bier of Dr. Mitchell and cry with the despairing prophet, "My Father! my Father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

chair because its studies were always most congenial to his tastes, and there he continued till the day of his death. How faithfully and successfully he rendered service in this chair the public knows better than any one can describe. It is sufficient here to say that no pupil of Dr. Mitchell's ever went from his laboratory without a fair chance of learning all that was newest and best in the departments he presided over. Indeed what ever Dr. Mitchell undertook he tried to do as well as it could then be done. His plans were generally drawn to a large scale, and where he was permitted to finish what he began it rarely ever required amendment. Perhaps there was often an abundance of labor, mental and physical, in his undertakings that savored of prodigality. But Dr. Mitchell was rich in resources and strength. He wasted enough in his life to make the fortune of half-a-dozen common men. One who knew him well, on hearing that he was to deliver the address at our State Fair in 1856, exclaimed—"I'll warrant that Dr. Mitchell begins with the garden of Eden." So he did, and by the time that he got down to his own recent visit to Chatham County he had, as usual, given to the public an essay full of rare learning and abounding in useful suggestions.

As a Preacher Dr. Mitchell was of a sound theology. He acknowledged most heartily that this Kosmos, with whose minute phenomena he was so conversant, was created and controlled by a personal God, to whose power, wisdom, goodness, and awful holiness he directed his hearers with no little skill. For the redemption of mankind from the abyss of sin and misery into which the fall of Adam has thrown them, he looked to the mystery of the Cross received by Faith into the heart of each individual. His philosophy led him to advocate the leaving of the mass by the subjection of each component soul to the law of God in Christ. So then he never expected much permanent good to result from those efforts which have a distant starting point. He saw during his reformatory life so many associations for the reformation of the ills of Society skillfully organized and vehemently recommended, and yet superseded by their original projects, that while he never opposed any scheme which relied on the influence of an organization for the attainment of this great end, yet he never expected much permanent good to result from them. Dr. Mitchell believed that man was to be permanently raised above his natural condition only by help sent down from Heaven, and that this help could be expected by those only who were reconciled to God through a Divine and Priestly Mediator. Hence he constantly taught the necessity of a prompt and persevering attention to the claims of personal Religion.

As a man of extensive and varied knowledge and of scientific skill in his investigations, it is well known that Dr. Mitchell had no superior if any equal in our country. He was always learning. The wonderful variety of subjects that he found among the books of his library irresistibly impresses one with the fact that their owner was of insatiable curiosity; while the quality of those books establishes that his knowledge was of a high order. He kept himself well posted up as to the current literature and Science. He supplied himself liberally with the Reviews, Journals, Magazines, &c., of the day. Hence his library, which cost him a great deal of money, will not prove valuable to his heirs. Others wait until the proceedings of learned Societies, Scientific Journals, &c., are winnowed, until the trash that is in them has been eliminated, and the truth has been ascertained with a close approximation, or until the first and costly editions of good books have been sold, and the books are cheap. Such prudent and economical souls Dr. Mitchell allowed to pursue their own plans. He could not wait for stale bread, nor let his meat be cooked and then hashed. He liked to have his food fresh and then he wanted to do his own chewing besides. When a new idea, or a prolific principle well illustrated was to be obtained, dollars and cents rarely were hindrances to Dr. Mitchell. Some may say that had he pursued a different plan his family might have been thousands of dollars richer. But then his own soul and those of his pupils and children would have been thousands of truths poorer, and Dr. Mitchell cared most for the meat that does not perish. No man ever deserved better the appellation of "a walking Encyclopedia." Besides an intimate acquaintance with the subjects of his own departments, his general reading was so extensive that there were few topics of conversation among scientific men of any profession whereon Dr. Mitchell was not an intelligent and interested listener or an interesting and instructive expounder. Some may judge that he might have done more for his fellow-men had he confined the attention of his powerful mind to a more limited range of subjects. So he might have had such been his inclination. But Dr. Mitchell loved to "walk all the world of man." He loved to realize the mightiness of its mission, and



to examine for himself in every direction the propriety of his plan. Besides we may say that such varied acquisitions were necessary for the proper discharge of his duties as lecturer on Chemistry, and Mineralogy, and Geology. The bodily comfort of civilized man and his proper understanding of the phenomena in Nature around him depend so much on a proper apprehension of the truths in these sciences, that one can be a powerful expounder of them only by possessing the facts to be explained by general reading. Mr. Mitchell's library made him a man of power in his laboratory.

But it was as a teacher, and as an officer of the University that Dr. Mitchell chiefly improved the talents committed to him. During the forty years he was connected with the University he never published or wrote as much as other professors and men of science have written and published. His large intellectual stores were for his pupils, and for others who might associate with him. After some experience at Yale College and elsewhere in Connecticut and Long Island, he began his career as a teacher in North Carolina when the course of instruction at the University contained but few subjects when compared with the number that now crowds its ample limits. In 1817 when Dr. Mitchell was appointed Professor of Mathematics, there was no Chemistry taught, the Seniors studied English Grammar—the Juniors Algebra and Geometry and the Freshmen ciphered in Arithmetic. But in 1818 there was a remarkable elevation of the Standard of acquisition at the University. Chemistry &c., was introduced to the Seniors with Astronomy—the Juniors were admitted to the mysteries of Fluxions, now known as the Calculus; Algebra and Geometry did not rise higher than the Sophomore year, and the Freshmen quit studying Aesop's Fables. It would be interesting to compare that course of instruction with what appears in the Catalogue for 1857, to see what changes have been made in the order of studies, and what have been removed from the University to the preparatory course, and also to discuss the wisdom and determine the effects of these changes. But in all of them, many and great as they have been, Dr. Mitchell was a prominent and efficient agent. So that an extended memoir of him would present a fit opportunity for investigating the progress of education in North Carolina, and ascertaining how much the University is now benefiting by the reactions of its own early actions. But our present space is so limited that we can but point out this fertile field for a future exploration.

Whatever Dr. Mitchell taught he taught thoroughly. He was always referring to first principles, and repeating them until they effected a permanent lodgment in each pupil's mind, if it had substance enough to retain anything. It was in the recitation room that he used most constantly and opportunely the knowledge he was constantly accumulating; and there information, and suggestions, and speculations were constantly dropping from his lips that were not only very instructive, but could be met with nowhere else. Having become acquainted with his peculiar departments mainly as they were developing, and having seen so many assertions prove false, so many theories vanish, so many prophecies never become history, that he wisely became cautious respecting alleged discoveries, and slow of belief concerning new announcements. In such cases he was calm while others were excited, and patiently waited for the developments of the future, while others were crazy with the prophecies of the present. So then when others prophesied coal enough to melt the solid earth, or copper enough to "copper and copper faster" all creation, or gold enough to buy out Australia and California, or announced Aluminium as about to revolutionize our domestic economies, or promised to displace the Newtonian explanation of the Solar System, Dr. Mitchell taught his pupils that they must at times turn a deaf ear to the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. The science that he thus disseminated through the country was remarkably free from dross, and the principles he inculcated such as are conservative while they are truly and permanently progressive. As a disciplinarian Dr. Mitchell acted according to the old maxim "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But when his constant and self-denying vigilance failed in its aim, he always lent to the side of mercy even while most decided and firm. He was naturally of a quick temper and lively imagination, and so would often express himself to the subjects of college censure in very strong language. To the evil-doers themselves he set forth the character and consequences of their conduct in their true light. Yet in inflicting punishment he often recommended that which appealed to the gratitude and better feelings of the culprit, if he had any. Repentance and reformation was what he sought, not merely the getting rid of the offender, nor the striking terror into the hearts of all who should hear of him.

That Dr. Mitchell showed faults as well as great virtues, in all the relations he fulfilled to his fellow men, no one should deny. They were apparent to all who associated with him. To those who did not associate with him it is not worth while to introduce them, for they should not be imputed. To those who knew, as well as to those who did not know Dr. Mitchell, we would present only the excellencies of his character and work while on this earth. To all men every where we would most earnestly recommend his constant recog-

nition of the power and Godhead of Jehovah, and his immediate submission to God's authority in all matters of conscience, his immense acquisitions and great education as a man of Science, his patience and forbearance as a teacher, his energy and vigilance as a College officer, his cheerful obedience and ready cooperation as a citizen, his abounding charity and unostentatious liberality as a neighbor, his faithfulness and promptness as a friend, his affectionate carefulness and untiring industry as the head of a family, his unfeigned faith as a Christian, and his fearless and full exposition of God's holy law as an ambassador from the Most High.

## THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

**ADVERTISING.**  
One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.  
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### The President's Message.

The message of the President should be a proper setting forth of the true condition of the United States in their every department. The stand point is the highest and most central position for correct observation; and if the message be honestly and correctly made, it is the truest index of the nation.

This being the character of the message, it becomes every man (and woman too) who takes any interest in governmental proceedings, to read at least this document. We do not publish the Message, because it would crowd out nearly every thing else, and because it can be easily procured by all who wish it, through any source. However should it be out of the reach of any one, we will send them an extra sheet containing it, free of cost. Below, however, we present in a condensed form, some of the subjects treated of by the President, which may be of interest to those who may not wish to read the entire message. It is taken from the *Wilmington Journal*.

From the interest attaching to the first official utterance of a new chief magistrate, the message has claims upon our attention due to the gravity of the subjects discussed therein, the clear and satisfactory manner in which they are presented, and the manly and patriotic spirit which the President has brought to their consideration. The message, as a whole, will give satisfaction to the great majority of conservative and right thinking men in the country, although a perfect coincidence of opinion with reference to all its statements and recommendations, is neither to be expected nor hoped for.

After a fitting acknowledgment of the blessings which providence has bestowed upon us as a people, and a suitable expression of thankfulness for the prosperity we have enjoyed, the President turns to a consideration of the causes which have operated to check that prosperity for a time and to subject us to financial distress and embarrassment, in the midst of abundant crops and remunerative prices for our product. "It is apparent," he says, "that our existing misfortunes have proceeded solely from our extravagant and vicious system of paper currency and bank credit, exciting the people to wild speculation and gambling in stocks." To the alternate inflations and contractions of the currency are due the periodical revolutions which sweep, and while the system remains as it is, must continue to sweep over the country.

Congress, in the opinion of the President, possesses the power to pass a uniform bankruptcy law applicable to all banking institutions throughout the United States, and he strongly recommends its exercise. This would make it the irreversible organic law of each bank's existence, that a suspension of specie payments should produce its civil death. The instant of self-preservation would then compel it to perform its duties in such a manner as to escape the penalty and preserve its life.

The President reviews the progress of the negotiations which have, from time to time, been carried on between the United States and Great Britain, having in view the settlement of all open questions pertaining to the Central American States, and the inter-oceanic transit through such States. These negotiations are still open, and their position is unchanged, but with strong hopes that a satisfactory arrangement may be arrived at.

Our relations with all European governments are of the most friendly character, with the exception of Spain. Our demands for redress on account of outrages upon our citizens are met with the objection that Congress has never made the appropriation recommended by President Polk, in his annual message of December, 1847, "to be paid to the Spanish government for the purpose of distribution among the claimants in the *Aus't case*." The claim of these people is believed to be just, and the appropriation is commended to the favorable considerations of Congress.

A treaty has been made with Persia, and a Commissioner has been sent out to China to co-operate in every peaceful and honorable way, with the envoys of other nations, in endeavoring to effect the negotiation of a fair commercial treaty with the Chinese Empire.

The President is wholly opposed to filibustering, as wrong in itself, as tending to injure our trade and our national character, as well as to prevent peaceful emigration from the United States to Nicaragua, while it keeps the transit route unsafe and unsettled as to be virtually useless.

There are some difficulties with Paraguay. In regard to Kansas, the President says that he never doubted that it was the intention of Congress that the people of Kansas should decide the question of slavery or no slavery for themselves, nor did he question that the convention to frame a constitution, would leave it to the people of Kansas themselves to decide this question by a direct vote. He says:—"On

this subject I confess I had never entertained a serious doubt, and, therefore, in my instruction to Gov. Walker of the 28th of May last, I merely said that when a constitution shall be submitted to the people of the territory, they must be protected in their right of voting for or against that instrument, and the fair and proper expression of the popular will must not be interrupted by fraud or violence. In expressing this opinion, it was far from my intention to interfere with the decision of the people of Kansas, either for or against slavery."

The President regards the Constitutional Convention of Kansas as having been legally elected and fairly constituted. If any parties in the Territory refused to vote, it was their own choice and their own fault. He thinks that by submitting the question of slavery or no slavery to the popular vote, the spirit and meaning of the organic law has been complied with. He recommends the admission of the State on the constitution, with or without slavery, as the popular vote may determine. In any event the rights of property in the slaves now in the territory, are reserved, as they ought to be.

The President avows his determination to put down the *U. S.* insurrection at all hazards, and asks for four additional regiments.

He thinks it possible that a loan may be necessary and asks for authority to issue Treasury notes. He recommends the building of ten war steamers of light draught. Favors the policy of extending aid in every Constitutional way to the construction of a Pacific Railroad.

### North Carolina Annual Conference.

This body held its annual session in Goldsboro during the last week and week before. We intended giving a full synopsis of the proceedings, but find nothing at our command except the disputings of brethren; and these coming in different lights, we prefer saying nothing, less we might do injustice to some of the parties.

The following are the appointments for the ensuing year:

**RALEIGH DISTRICT.**—R. O. Barton, P. E. Raleigh Station—L. H. Henderson, do Mission—Gaston Farrer and R. T. Hedlin, Colored Charge—Jas. Reid, do Circuit—T. S. Campbell, Anderson and Clarksville—John Tillet, Granville—J. W. Floyd, Person—P. W. Archer, Hillsboro Circuit—H. Gray, Warren—R. G. Barrett, P. H. Joyner, sup. Roanoke—H. T. Hudson, T. W. Moore, do Colored Mission—J. W. Yarrall, Chapel Hill—A. W. Mangum, Eno Mission—To be supplied, Raleigh Female Seminary—D. R. Bruton, R. T. Hedlin, Editor N. C. Advocate.

**GREENSBORO DIST.**—N. H. D. Wilson, P. E. do Station—L. S. Burkhead, J. Bethel, sup. Guilford—John M. Gann, Uwhara—W. C. Cannon, Normal College—C. M. Anderson, Montgomery—John S. Davis, Deep River—N. A. Hooker, Rockingham—P. D. D. H. Heptinstall, Haw River—To be supplied, Franklinville—Joseph C. Thomas, Alamance—Alexander Gattis, Wentworth—A. Norman, B. Craven, President of Normal College, W. Barringer, Agent G. F. College.

**SALISBURY DISTRICT.**—N. F. Reid, P. E. Salisbury Station—R. S. Morra, (Rowan)—C. M. Thomas, (East Rowan)—I. F. Keatts, Mocksville—S. H. Hulsebeck, and T. B. Reeks, sup. Iredell—W. Carter, W. W. Albee, sup. Alexander—W. B. Richardson, South Iredell—Thomas L. Triplett, Wilkes—James F. Smoot, Surry—M. L. Wood, Forsyth—Z. Rush, Winston—James H. Wheeler, Davidson—S. D. Adams, Blue Ridge Mission—E. Moore, Fisher River—Do—to be supplied, Little do—Do.

**DANVILLE DISTRICT.**—J. P. Moore, P. E. Danville Station—J. L. Fisher, Yanceyville—J. W. Lewis, Leesburg—James P. Simpson, Halifax—W. W. Jordan, C. W. King, do Colored Mission—To be supplied, Stanant—D. C. Johnson, Pittsboro—J. D. Halstead, Franklin—B. M. Williams, Albemarle Colored Mission—B. B. Shelton, Patrick—C. M. Pepper, Stokes—J. B. Alford, Henry—C. H. Phillips, Hillsboro Station—J. B. Bobbitt, James Jamieson, President of Danville Female College.

**WASHINGTON DISTRICT.**—R. J. Carson, P. E. Washington Station—J. P. Ricard, Tar River Circuit—L. Shell, Nash—S. D. Peeler, Columbia—W. D. Meacham, Matausque—W. M. D. Moore, Plymouth—T. W. Guthrie, Williamson—H. H. Gibbons, Bath—S. Robertson, Newse—James B. Bailey, do Mission—N. A. H. Goddin.

**NEW BERNE DISTRICT.**—Ira T. Wyche, P. E. New Berne Centenary—A. Weaver, do Mission—W. J. Walsh, Newse Circuit—George E. Wyche, Snow Hill—D. W. Doub, Wilson Station—W. W. Tucker, Goldsboro Station—John S. Long, Kinston Circuit—B. F. Long, Tarboro—William Closs, Evertsville—C. P. Jones, Smithfield—W. E. Pell, Duplin—J. W. Cunningham, Oaslow—J. H. Hines, Trent—J. H. Hill, (Beaufort, Anna Street—Jos. H. Wheeler, do Purvis Chapel—To be sup. Centenary Mission—J. Johnson, S. M. Frost, Pres. Wayne Female College.

**WILMINGTON DIST.**—D. B. Nicholson, P. E. (Wilmington Front Street—C. P. Deems, do Sailors Bethel—J. N. Andrews, do Fifth street—James E. Mann, Tappan Circuit—W. Harris, New Hanover & Onslow Mission—J. H. Jefferson.

**SAMPSON CIRCUIT.**—M. J. Hunt, A. D. Betts, Bladen—Daniel Culbreth, Buckhoro Mission—W. S. Chaffin, Fayetteville Station—W. H. Bobbitt, do Evans Chapel—J. B. Martin, do Circuit—To be supplied, Robeson—P. J. Carraway, Whitesville—O. J. Brent, Smithville—W. F. Clegg.

**Col. Turnbull, U. S. A.**  
From the *Wilmington papers* we learn that Lieut. Col. Turnbull, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, died suddenly in that place on Wednesday night. He retired on that evening in his usual health and spirits, with the intention of visiting his family in Washington City, on the next day, but, alas! that day never dawned for him. He slept the sleep that knows no waking—a dreamless and eternal sleep.

The Herald says—"Col. Turnbull succeeded Lieut. Whiting in the charge of our river improvements several months since; and during his residence among us, won the favorable opinion and regard of many of our citizens, by his mild, modest, unassuming demeanor, his gentlemanly deportment, and genial disposition. His sudden death has caused a painful shock to their minds.

He was an officer of the Army, and served with Gen. Scott in the Mexican war. He was with him in his triumphal march to the Mexican capital.

Col. Turnbull appeared to be quite an old man, about 65 years of age, and leaves a family behind him to mourn their sad bereavement.

From respect to his memory the Mayor and Authorities met, and passed appropriate resolutions, and invited the citizens to attend his funeral. The flags of the ship-pong were displayed at half-mast. A procession was formed and the remains were escorted from the Hotel to the Depot, by a large civic and military procession, and accompanied to Washington City by several of our most respectable citizens."

**Cape Fear Mission.**—M. N. Taylor. ATLANTIC DISTRICT.—John Jones, P. E. Portsmouth and Ocracoke.—To be supplied, Cape Look Out—John Jones, Cape Hatteras—J. L. Newby, Straits—Jos. Wheeler.

The next Annual Conference will be held in New Berne.

**Delegates to the next General Conference.**—D. B. Nicholson, C. F. Deems, R. T. Hedlin, N. F. Reid, Wm. Barringer, N. H. D. Wilson, Peter Doub, Mm. Closs. Reserves—Ira T. Wyche, C. P. Jones.

### DESERT.

The Editor of the *Sacramento, California, Age*, is well posted on Mormon affairs; and of the difficulty in suppressing the treacherous movement of Brigham Young, we may gain some idea from the following beautiful description of Deseret.

"There is something wild and poetical about the very name, suggestive of journeying caravans, limitless plains and boiling geysers. It is eight years since we saw the 'City of the Desert.' Even then it was the outline of a great city, with a population in itself and the surrounding valleys of twenty-seven thousand souls. The sound of hammer and saw and anvil was heard in all directions; heavy ordnance lay about the broken down fort, built for temporary defense against the Indians; gardens grew luxuriantly, and well dressed children were playing in the streets, while many families in moderate circumstances, had comfortable and nicely kept adobe houses, but Brigham Young, aware of the great power of affected democracy, lived in wagon-boxes—his great care, apparently, was his people, not his own family.

"It appears to us that the Mormons' power of resistance to a military invasion is strangely undecorated; it is forgotten that they are Americans, trained to the privations and crafts of the backwoods, and in addition to defending their own hearths and homes, the more ignorant believe themselves under the direct protection of the Almighty. They are under the direction of keen intelligences who grow rich and powerful from the people's superstition, and at their bidding will fight till they are hewn limb from limb. To any one acquainted with the habits of the people and the nature of the country surrounding Salt Lake, the idea of their immediate surrender is preposterous. They may be driven from plain to mountain defiles, but there they will fight their pursuers from cliff to cliff; they will be their making with them, and as they did when cattle their way to the Valley, will sub-sist on the milk of the cows and what wild game they can capture. Like the Tyrolers, they will defend every pass, and hurl down avalanches of stones on their pursuers. At last they may have to yield, but their faith in their religion will be unshaken, and Mormonism, like the fire hidden in the stove, will increase the more it is trodden by an iron shoe.

"The editor of the *Deseret News* tells what Salt Lake is now:

"In 1847, unfostered and unaided by human aid, the Saints wended their way to the mountain fastness of what is now called Utah. Within that short time cities have been built containing, aside from the comfortable dwellings of the less affluent, large, tasteful and commodious public and private edifices which would add grace to cities the most favored by time, wealth and other facilities. Many locations, previously nude and unsightly, have, by laborious, persevering, and often unrequited toil, been caused to teem with their rich products for the sustenance of man and beast—of the citizen and the stranger.

And trees, planted and watered with a labor and patient waiting that but few would endure, are now bending with their burden of beautiful, luscious and varied fruits, where heretofore nought but barrenness met the eye. And mills and machinery add their hum to the music of waters hitherto untrammelled. These facts alone are of themselves a perfect refutation of all the lies and slanders uttered against us."

### THE BUSY WORLD.

**FOUND DEAD.**—The *Charlotte Democrat* says Mr. Maxwell of that county, aged about 25 years, was found dead on the road in the neighborhood of his father's residence, on the morning of the 12th inst. We understand he was subjected to fits; and it is supposed, in one of these spasms, he fell from his horse, where he was found as above stated.

**PUBLIC WORKS IN WASHINGTON.**—"Job," of the *Baltimore Sun*, gives some figures relative to the cost of the public buildings now in progress of erection at Washington. The last estimated cost of the Capitol extension is \$5,510,153, so that \$1,155,153 remains to be appropriated. The construction of the General Post Office building was estimated to cost \$850,000, but \$600,000 have been appropriated already, and another hundred thousand will finish the work. The dome of the Capitol was estimated to cost \$945,000. There has been no increase on this estimate—another appropriation of \$245,000 will complete the work, but there is money enough on hand for the next fiscal year, and no further appropriation is asked for at present.

**LANDING OF GEN. WALKER.**—By the *Steamer Empire* city in New Orleans 12 inst, we learn that General Walker landed at Punta Arenas on the 25th of November with 150 men. The Fashion passed the Saratoga at full speed unimpeded. On his arrival Walker sent fifty men up the San Juan river. The Fashion was at Aspinwall coaling for her return. Commodore Paulding, in attempting to seize the steamer, found her papers correct. The British and American squadrons had sailed for San Juan.

### Meeting of the Grand Lodge.

The Raleigh *Standard* of Saturday says "The Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons of North Carolina was in session, in this City, during the present week. The representation of delegates was quite a full one; and we understand their proceedings have been marked by the utmost harmony and good feeling.

On Wednesday evening provision was made to liquidate the debt of \$14,000 with which the Trustees of St. John's College have been embarrassed; and the prospect seems to be that institution will be in operation at no distant day. It is said to be one of the finest buildings in the State, and it is most eligibly located. This debt had already been provided for by subscriptions; but being contingent they are not now available, but will ultimately become so, when they will be applied to the college fund as an endowment.

The session was brought to a close on Thursday evening. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

**ALFRED MARTIN**, Wilmington, G. M. J. T. ALEXANDER, Lincoln, S. G. W. J. M. COX, Perquimans, J. G. W. C. W. D. HUTCHINGS, Raleigh, G. T. W. T. BAIN, Raleigh, G. S.

The following are the officers appointed by the Grand Master:

**James W. Osborne**, Charlotte, D. G. M. W. J. POPE, Hookerton, S. G. D. J. A. MURRAY, Alamance, J. G. D. JAS. McDaniel, Fayetteville, G. C.

**District Deputy Grand Masters.** 1st District, R. N. Forbes, Snow Hill. 2d " W. K. Blake, Fayetteville. 3d " Joshua Roberts, Asheville. J. T. Littlejohn, Oxford, Grand Marshal. E. P. Watson, Alamance, G. S. B. A. Thomas, " G. Pur. N. S. EARP, Raleigh, G. Tyler.

**Committee of Foreign Correspondence:** J. T. Littlejohn, Oxford, P. Cusis, Newbern, J. McDaniel, Fayetteville.

**Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence:** P. W. Fanning, Wilmington, A. T. Jenkins, Newbern, W. G. Hill, Raleigh.

**THE FLORIDA WAR.**—The pursuit of the Indians in Florida seems to be prosecuted with a good deal of energy. The latest advices from Fort Meyers—as we learn from the *Tampa Peninsula*, of the 28th ult.—contain the following:

Scouting parties recently discovered Indian signs going into the Big Cypress at two points, the trails supposed to be two or three weeks old. One of the trails, discovered and followed by Capt. Harrington, had been traveled by women and children, as well as warriors. It entered the Drypress below Ft. Shackelford. The other trail, found by Capt. McLeod, entered the Cypress at a point about N. E. from Temporary Depot, No. 1. It was made by a party of warriors, at least 40 in number, moving in a southerly direction; one night camp was found. Capt. McLeod's party was not strong enough to leave a horse guard and pursue the Indians on foot.

**DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.**—The last Fayetteville papers contain the following announcement:

**RICHMOND Co., Dec. 6, 1857.** My Dear Sir:—You are authorized and requested to announce myself a Democratic candidate for Governor, at the ensuing Gubernatorial election.

My views upon the public land question are too well understood to require any comment at the present. At the proper time, they will not be withheld.

Respectfully, W. F. LEAK.

**JONESVILLE MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMIES.** We are pleased to learn, from a private letter, that these institutions of learning are in a prosperous condition. The sessions for 1858 will commence on the 7th of January next. These are decidedly among the best institutions of their grade in Western Carolina. The village is healthy, and the citizens of the Town and country are decidedly of moral and religious habits. Car.

**THE BUSY WORLD.**  
Introduction.—Dr. Charles Mackay—His Lectures—Funeral of Crawford, the Sculptor—Broadway (with Woman's Smile, &c.

**New York, December 7th, 1857.**  
Messrs. Editors: On this day—one of the balmy and sunniest December days that I ever enjoyed—sitting alone amidst the silence of my own cozy room, where the sunshine is weaving its golden tresses upon the glowing carpet, I have taken it into my head to write you a letter. Do you like letters? Do you always love to receive from some distant friend—with the help of Uncle Sam—an epistolary assurance, or rather re-assurance, of that friendship which is as pure as baseless gold? Ah! I know you do—I know that it is one of your greatest sources of delight, this letter-ary communion, I know that one of your greatest pleasures is found in the reading of letters that come from friends who have proved their affection, through sunshine and shade, to be of the right kind. Is this not so? "Of course it is," you say, if you be not numbered among that cold, crusty, wrangling and growling class of mortals, called misanthropes, or human dogs.

Dr. Charles Mackay—Mack-rye he says it should be pronounced—is kicking up quite a literary dust up here, among our metropolitan literateurs. His lecture, which was delivered on Thursday night last, was clever but entirely free from anything original or even fresh; and I presume that a majority of those who attended the performance did so more out of curiosity to see the popular versifier, than to listen to his stiff eulogium and commonplace remarks upon Scottish Song. The *Evening Post* gives the following description of this *distingue*:—"The Doctor is a little past the middle age, somewhat below the ordinary height of his countrymen, round and substantial in person, with round features and round head, answering in all respects, as far as outward feature is concerned, Thomson's

"Fat, round, oily, little man of God," in the castle of Indolence. He wears his hair smoothly brushed to his well developed head, and would pass in a crowd as the most obscure man in it, till he spoke, when he would be equally certain to pass for the most modest."

Charles Mackay is certainly a poet. He has climbed far up Parnassus, and has drunk deeply of the sweet waters of Helicon. He has written many a pretty verse, and his name has for some years past been quite familiar to those of a versatile literary taste. He has won a name, and he wears the laurel upon his brow; but although he has succeeded in his struggle for literary distinction, yet I do not believe in the American people making fools of themselves by making a huge lion of him—a Kossuth, a Bertrand—and clustering around him as though he were a shrine at which the world entire should bow. I have too much respect for the poets of my own country, for that, and whenever I see crowds rushing to worship a foreign literary cockney, it makes me think how the same crowds, in their forgetfulness of American genius, have neglected and blighted the existence of too many native children of poetry.

The funeral of Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, who died in London in October last, took place on Saturday. The obsequies were very imposing. His remains now rest in Greenwood—that beautiful City of the Dead—amidst its monumental splendor and solemn silence. The pall-bearers were Hon. Chas. Sumner, Henry T. Tuckerman, the poet, Hicks, Kennett and Rissier, artists, George W. Curtis, author of "Potiphar" and Prof. G. W. Greene and Leiber. Peace to his ashes!

Broadway is full of life to-day. The gay and fashionable of the Avenue are out promenade, and are, of course, subjected to the scrutiny of all those lean, purty and hirsute walking-sticks (?) whose sole business is that of prying from morn till night up and down the Champs d'Elysees of America. In spite of the panic, broad cloth and crinoline continue to flourish extravagantly. Pretty and smiling faces—ladies' faces—are as plentiful as ever—thank fortune!—and this is indeed the source of a good deal of consolation on the part of the bachelors of this "Ere town."

I often think how dreary this world would become were every face of womanly loveliness to pass away, and be no longer seen in our parlors or in our streets. There is more power in woman's smile—in a pretty woman's heavenly smile—to banish care and sorrow than all the sparkling Port of Champagne of Mr. Sparrowgrass, in his cellar in Warren street, ever possessed. Is this not true? Is it not true to say, also, that

Where'er the hand of woman press,  
It leaves a sunny trace,  
and wherever her smile—the light of her gracious smile—falls—it leaves a beautiful briar that warms the heart, and turns every hazy of care into a lovely flower of rapture. Read what Pollok has written upon this subject:

"Daughters of beauty! choice of beings made!  
More precious, more blessed, more loved; but  
Than ought beheld, than ought imagined else,  
Fairest, and dearer than all else most dear;  
Light of the darkness wilderness: to Time  
As stars to-night, whose eyes were spells that  
The passenger forgetful of his way: (held  
Whose steps were majesty, whose words were  
song.  
Whose smiles were hope, whose actions perfect  
Whose love the solace, glory and delight  
Of man; his boast, his riches, his renown;  
When found, sufficient bliss: when lost,  
David McKnight, of Greensboro, 8-ly.

Hoping that this bright world will always be made brighter still by the brilliancy of woman's love and woman's smile I bid you, for this time, "good-bye."

PONINGOE.

**FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.**  
Introduction.—Dr. Charles Mackay—His Lectures—Funeral of Crawford, the Sculptor—Broadway (with Woman's Smile, &c.

**New York, December 7th, 1857.**  
Messrs. Editors: On this day—one of the balmy and sunniest December days that I ever enjoyed—sitting alone amidst the silence of my own cozy room, where the sunshine is weaving its golden tresses upon the glowing carpet, I have taken it into my head to write you a letter. Do you like letters? Do you always love to receive from some distant friend—with the help of Uncle Sam—an epistolary assurance, or rather re-assurance, of that friendship which is as pure as baseless gold? Ah! I know you do—I know that it is one of your greatest sources of delight, this letter-ary communion, I know that one of your greatest pleasures is found in the reading of letters that come from friends who have proved their affection, through sunshine and shade, to be of the right kind. Is this not so? "Of course it is," you say, if you be not numbered among that cold, crusty, wrangling and growling class of mortals, called misanthropes, or human dogs.

Dr. Charles Mackay—Mack-rye he says it should be pronounced—is kicking up quite a literary dust up here, among our metropolitan literateurs. His lecture, which was delivered on Thursday night last, was clever but entirely free from anything original or even fresh; and I presume that a majority of those who attended the performance did so more out of curiosity to see the popular versifier, than to listen to his stiff eulogium and commonplace remarks upon Scottish Song. The *Evening Post* gives the following description of this *distingue*:—"The Doctor is a little past the middle age, somewhat below the ordinary height of his countrymen, round and substantial in person, with round features and round head, answering in all respects, as far as outward feature is concerned, Thomson's

"Fat, round, oily, little man of God," in the castle of Indolence. He wears his hair smoothly brushed to his well developed head, and would pass in a crowd as the most obscure man in it, till he spoke, when he would be equally certain to pass for the most modest."

Charles Mackay is certainly a poet. He has climbed far up Parnassus, and has drunk deeply of the sweet waters of Helicon. He has written many a pretty verse, and his name has for some years past been quite familiar to those of a versatile literary taste. He has won a name, and he wears the laurel upon his brow; but although he has succeeded in his struggle for literary distinction, yet I do not believe in the American people making fools of themselves by making a huge lion of him—a Kossuth, a Bertrand—and clustering around him as though he were a shrine at which the world entire should bow. I have too much respect for the poets of my own country, for that, and whenever I see crowds rushing to worship a foreign literary cockney, it makes me think how the same crowds, in their forgetfulness of American genius, have neglected and blighted the existence of too many native children of poetry.

The funeral of Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, who died in London in October last, took place on Saturday. The obsequies were very imposing. His remains now rest in Greenwood—that beautiful City of the Dead—amidst its monumental splendor and solemn silence. The pall-bearers were Hon. Chas. Sumner, Henry T. Tuckerman, the poet, Hicks, Kennett and Rissier, artists, George W. Curtis, author of "Potiphar" and Prof. G. W. Greene and Leiber. Peace to his ashes!

Broadway is full of life to-day. The gay and fashionable of the Avenue are out promenade, and are, of course, subjected to the scrutiny of all those lean, purty and hirsute walking-sticks (?) whose sole business is that of prying from morn till night up and down the Champs d'Elysees of America. In spite of the panic, broad cloth and crinoline continue to flourish extravagantly. Pretty and smiling faces—ladies' faces—are as plentiful as ever—thank fortune!—and this is indeed the source of a good deal of consolation on the part of the bachelors of this "Ere town."

I often think how dreary this world would become were every face of womanly loveliness to pass away, and be no longer seen in our parlors or in our streets. There is more power in woman's smile—in a pretty woman's heavenly smile—to banish care and sorrow than all the sparkling Port of Champagne of Mr. Sparrowgrass, in his cellar in Warren street, ever possessed. Is this not true? Is it not true to say, also, that

Where'er the hand of woman press,  
It leaves a sunny trace,  
and wherever her smile—the light of her gracious smile—falls—it leaves a beautiful briar that warms the heart, and turns every hazy of care into a lovely flower of rapture. Read what Pollok has written upon this subject:

"Daughters of beauty! choice of beings made!  
More precious, more blessed, more loved; but  
Than ought beheld, than ought imagined else,  
Fairest, and dearer than all else most dear;  
Light of the darkness wilderness: to Time  
As stars to-night, whose eyes were spells that  
The passenger forgetful of his way: (held  
Whose steps were majesty, whose words were  
song.  
Whose smiles were hope, whose actions perfect  
Whose love the solace, glory and delight  
Of man; his boast, his riches, his renown;  
When found, sufficient bliss: when lost,  
David McKnight, of Greensboro, 8-ly.

Hoping that this bright world will always be made brighter still by the brilliancy of woman's love and woman's smile I bid you, for this time, "good-bye."

PONINGOE.

## COMMERCIAL.

**GREENSBORO MARKET, Dec. 16.**  
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### PRIZES! PRIZES!

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of \$40 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best, they will give a Prize of \$20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the Premiums.  
Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope. P. S. Should the Publishers deem any story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author or all the expense of postage &c.

### NEW VOLUME.

This week closes the second volume of the Times. It is customary for everybody to have a little respite from labor during the Christmas holidays, even poor printers, and therefore, it may be necessary for us to issue the first number of the third volume in advance of the date. Persons wishing a specimen copy to show around during Christmas week, for the purpose of forming clubs, can be supplied on application.

**THE NEXT NUMBER.**—In the first number for the new volume, we will commence a serial story of thrilling interest suitable for the times, to run through four issues, entitled "THE MYSTERIES OF A NIGHT; A LIFE DRAMA OF THE CITY," written by a popular novelist and poet. A poem of nearly two columns, by a young lady of Georgia, on the matrimonial money market, "Has She any Tin?" and equal in beauty, and cutting satire, to those popular poems "Nothing to Eat" and "Nothing to Wear." A biographical sketch of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, the sweet Poetess of America, whose pen has made even the flowery paths of virtue more lovely and attractive still by its new rich garlands of poetry.

Besides the above, the usual variety of "Useful Information," "Solid for the Solitary," the posting of "The Busy World" from the home and foreign day books; Editorial miscellany, criticism, reviews, Congressional proceedings, Market Reports, &c., &c. The above are but the contents of one number to be followed during the year by fifty equal to it; and all this for only \$2, less than four cents a paper, and each paper containing as much reading matter as a magazine of 32 pages, making in one year a book of 1,632 pages.

**NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.**—The reader's attention is called to our New York Correspondence in another column. Pongio is a most piquant and versatile writer, and withal a sparkling poet. We expect a letter of the same kind nearly every week during the coming year.

### Resumption of Specie payments.

Several of the principal banks of New York have issued a circular, expressing their intention to resume specie payment. Of course all the banks in the city must follow, or wind up. The circular says: "In view of the present strong condition of the banks of this city, and their duty to the community and themselves, the undersigned banks of the city of New York hereby give notice that on and after Monday next they will resume specie payments on all obligations."

Dispatches from Albany, New Haven and Boston say the banks of those cities have resumed. We trust this is a harbinger of better times, and that peace, prosperity and plenty may abundantly prevail.

**MESSAGE OF GOV. WISE.**—The Governor of Virginia sent into the Legislature on Monday, his message, which is a lengthy document, occupying 18 columns of solid matter and fine type in the Richmond Dispatch.

**FORTUNATE.**—The widow of Commodore Herndon, we see it stated, has just received from the agency in New York, of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, five thousand dollars on a policy signed only a year since.

Mrs. Breckinridge, the accomplished wife of the Vice President, has gone South for the benefit of her health. She will spend the Winter, we understand, near Baton Rouge, La.

### Temperance Address.

The Rev. C. K. Caldwell delivered the fourth Temperance Address, in the monthly series, in the Presbyterian church, on Monday night last. The address was different, to some extent, from any ever heretofore delivered in this place. The speaker had never before made a public expression of his views on the subject, and in this address gave his own private opinions, irrespective of those held or advanced by others.

Temperance was defined a moderate use of all things useful and lawful, and total abstinence from all things sinful and pernicious. Hence the use of intoxicating drinks were not forbidden as a medicine; but so soon as its necessity as a medicine ceased, then it used as a gratification of the taste—of the appetite, it became intemperance. That it was an evil and a calamity was admitted, but its remedy, the great and infallible remedy, was not to be found in organizations or moral suasion, for these appealed to the sensual man only; but it was to be found by appealing to the conscience. Intemperance was a sin; classed with theft, adultery, lying, murder, &c.; and would as certainly meet with a future retribution from the hands of an avenging God. Organizations and moral suasion were not to be condemned; they had done and could do much good; but if the drunkard was appealed to through the conscience, made to see the greatness of the crime in the sight of God, he could be more effectively reformed. And at least the moderate drinker could be turned from his cups so that there should be no more drunkards. If, however, all these efforts should fail, the strong arm of the law should be applied; drunkenness should be punished; and a decent man should be ashamed to be found in company with the drunkard, as drunkenness was a contemporary only with theft, murder, &c., as enumerated by the Apostle.

### CONGRESS.

**SENATE.**—On Monday 7th inst. the Senate organized. The Vice President being absent, Hon. Jesse D. Bright administered the oath of office to the new members. Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick was chosen President pro tem.  
On Tuesday nothing was done except the reading of the President's message and some debate upon the same.  
Wednesday was also mostly spent in discussing the Kansas portion of the President's message. The principal debaters are Messrs. Daughless and Stuart against the Message, and Messrs. Bigler and Mason in defence. Reports were received from the Secretaries of the Treasury and State. Also Mr. Gwin presented sundry joint resolutions of the Legislature of California, and gave notice of his intention to introduce a Pacific Railroad bill, and a bill to organize the Territory of Arizona. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

**HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.**—On calling the roll, 12 o'clock Monday, 221 members answered to their names; this being a quorum, the House immediately proceeded to the election of Speaker, the first ballot standing Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, 128; and Mr. Grow, of North Carolina, 127. Mr. Orr made quite a pretty speech on being conducted to the Chair.

James C. Allen, of Illinois, was elected Clerk; A. J. Glossbrenner, of Pennsylvania, Sergeant-at-Arms; R. B. Hackney, of Virginia, Doorkeeper; and M. W. Cluskey of Georgia, Postmaster.

By resolution from Mr. Clingman, the rules of the last House were adopted for the government of this.  
The President's Message was read on Tuesday; and some speeches made in reference to the public printing. The subject of public printing was resumed on Wednesday, and after much debate, an election resulted in the selection of Mr. Chas. B. Steadman, of Ohio, over Geo. M. Weston, by a vote of 121 to 89. The House adjourned over to Monday to enable the Speaker to form the committees.

### The University.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina was held in the Executive Office, in Raleigh on Monday 7th inst. present, His Excellency Gov. Bragg, President Swain and Messrs. Charles Manly, R. M. Saunders, William Eaton, Jr., John H. Bryan, Charles L. Hinton, D. W. Courts, and W. W. Holden.

The Register says the annual report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Gov. Manly, was submitted, presenting a full and satisfactory exhibit of the financial condition of the University.

A number of letters and testimonials were read, setting forth the qualifications and claims of persons who are applicants for the Professorship of Chemistry and Geology, made vacant by the death of Dr. Mitchell. But after reading these, and after some conversation on the subject, it was unanimously determined to postpone the appointment to this Professorship until Monday the 4th day of next month, when it is hoped and believed a larger number of Trustees will be in attendance.

**WIFE OF SANTA ANNA.**—Among the passengers arrived in the Cahawba at New York, on Monday, is the wife of Gen. Santa Anna, from St. Thomas. Four cargoes of negroes, numbering 10,400, had been landed on the Island within the last ten days. It is believed that three of the vessels belonged to Massachusetts.

**JOHN MITCHELL.**—We notice that this gentleman was announced to lecture at Jackson, Miss., on Tuesday last week, upon the subject of "the British in India."

### GEN. HASKELL.

A short time since we published the gifted intelligence of the recovery of the gifted Haskell from his mental derangement. In the following beautiful lines, taken from the Louisville Journal, he presents a most vivid picture; and "if the first part of this extraordinary poem is as wild as the cry of a lost spirit, the second is as peaceful and beautiful as a dream of the blest."

### The Ransomed.

BY GEN. WM. T. HASKELL, OF MEMPHIS, TENN.  
Lines suggested by my restoration to health from recent physical debility and mental distraction.

NOTE.—These lines are respectfully and affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Louis Jane Rice, the amiable and gentle-hearted and accomplished matron of the Eastern Kentucky Asylum for the Insane at Lexington, by an attached friend, who will never forget her tenderness and ministering care when the pathway of life was very dark to him. She will reap her reward in the "land of the hereafter."  
W. T. H.  
Lexington Asylum, Nov. 20, 1887.

I'm adrift on life's ocean, and wildly I sweep,  
Aimless and homeless, its fathomless deep,  
The wild winds assail me, it threateningly storms,  
The clouds roll around me in hideous forms,  
I drift to a lee shore! I strike! I am ground!  
The mad waves 'whelm me—I drown! Oh, I drown!

Merely, oh, merely! Oh, Lord, set me free,  
And take me, oh, take me, to Heaven and Thee.  
I wander life's desert, lone, desolate, and  
Faint, feeble, and weary—I'm mad! Oh, I'm mad!  
No glad waters greet me, no streams flowing  
I perish! I perish! Oh, God! set me free,  
Ah! hopeless I pray Thee, 'tis idle and vain,  
I perish! I perish! Rain—rain—give me rain,  
Let the stream of deliverance flow gently to me,  
And drift me, oh, drift me to Heaven and Thee.

'Mid the wranglings of men and their conflicts  
So fierce,  
Half mad and despairing, my lips spit a curse,  
Instead of imploring a Refuge and Peace,  
From Life's maddening battle, for Peace and Release,  
I bear on defiantly, proud, reckless, unblinded,  
At the dangers that hem me—the curses I launched,  
At Earth and at Heaven, Lord! mercy for me,  
Receive me! receive me! to Heaven and Thee.

But the storm howls no longer, the desert is gone,  
The battle's fierce strife no more harries me on,  
The tempest no more lash the ocean's calm breast,  
And the clouds fleet in beauty far to the West,  
I move through Life's bowers full of bliss and of love,  
Looking fondly to Earth, and with transport a  
And an angel soft whispers, "The Lord sets thee free."  
To come to me! come to me! dwell here with me!

I thank Thee, oh Lord! for my saving career,  
Was check'd by the hand of Omnipotence, here,  
That struck from my jangled equilibrium the mind  
Whose balance my madness and folly combined  
Had periled for ever in my earthly career,  
While night's thick darkness encompassed me here,  
And my sad soul is ransomed, unpurged and  
I am coming, oh Lord! I bow gently to Thee.

Joy! joy! Oh, anguish and sorrow no more  
Shall lead me, my victim, on Life's Crambling shore,  
The winds wail me gently, I perish no more,  
I thank thee, oh war of Life's struggle I fear,  
Hope beckons me on, with its sweet, whispering tale,  
To walk through all, hopefully, Life's pleasant  
And I come to Thee, Lord! unpurged and free,  
And I bless Thee! oh! bless Thee! for mercy to me.

### REVIEWS.

**NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.**—This publication has been anxiously looked for, and we are glad to announce the receipt of the first number. It is the organ of the State Educational Association, and they have succeeded in getting up an excellent periodical in every respect. It is edited by a board of educated men, among the best in the state, and is published on the finest quality of material in a neat and handsome style.

We feel confident this number will recommend itself to the people of the State; and that all persons having a deep interest in the success of our schools and the general cause of education, will come up to the assistance of the Journal. The Standard of education in North Carolina compares honorably with that of any other southern State; and if the people of the state will support the Journal, the representative of this standard of North Carolina education, it will continue, as is the first number, an honorable representative.

In this number of the Times we present an interesting article from the Journal; and while we call attention to it from the interest attached to the subject of which it treats, we also refer to it as a specimen of composition from the Journal.

Terms of the Journal \$2 per annum; or 10 copies for \$15. Address J. D. Campbell, resident editor, Greensboro, N. C.

**THE CAR.**—G. M. Bacon, Editor of the Car, published at Germantown, N. C., has moved his establishment to Jonesville, and will commence early in January, the "Jonesville Enterprise," devoted to Literature, Poetry, Amusement, Foreign and Domestic News, Internal Improvements and the general interest of the Western section of the State. Terms \$1 per annum, in advance.

**THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.**—We take pleasure in calling the attention of the reader to the Prospectus of the British Periodicals in another column. They are the products of the best minds in England, the deepest thoughts of the deepest thinkers. These periodicals are furnished in England at \$31, but by the superior publishing privileges of our country, the American republications can be furnished at less than one-third of that price, viz: \$10.

During the two years just closed, these periodicals have furnished some of the most choice articles on History, Science, &c., articles that should be studied and preserved. To secure these back numbers, also in connection with the new volumes for 1888, the publishers make a most liberal offer; three years subscription to the Quarterlies and Blackwood for only \$15—nearly one dollar each.

Times subscribers desiring these

publications can receive them through this office, by an arrangement made by us with the publishers, at a reduced price, viz: for either of the British periodicals and the Times one year \$4; for all the British periodicals and the Times one year, \$10. Now is the best time to subscribe and commence with the new volumes.

### Mormonism Exposed.

We notice in our exchanges that an Ex-Mormon Elder, John Hyde, Jr., has made his escape from Salt Lake, denounced the faith and is now engaged in delivering lectures through the country upon "Brigham Young and Salt Lake City," in which he exposes the Mormon faith as one of the severest and most contemptible forms of Government on the face of the earth. Mr. Hyde delivered two lectures before the North Carolina Conference last week in Goldsboro, and also repeated his lectures in Wilmington. We hear the lectures very highly spoken of, and give below a condensed view from one of our exchanges. It presents some interesting features.

Nine years ago, he said, in a happy and comfortable home in London, the Mormon faith first reached me. But Mormonism in European and Mormonism in America are two different systems. All its abhorrent peculiarities were vehemently denied. They seemed a singular people, and were represented as being singularly pure and blessed. I listened to their statements. Their earnest zeal and self devotion excited my curiosity and enlisted my sympathies. Their novel dogmas and sophistry bewildered my reason, and confounded my objections. I was a boy of fifteen, I judged it with a boy's judgment—embraced it with a boy's ardor. Three months after my baptism, I was ordained a priest, and began preaching the system as I believed it in various portions of England and France. In 1838 I sailed from Liverpool for America, our destination being the Great Salt Lake Valley. From New Orleans we ascended the Mississippi to Kockuk, where we united with the rest of the Mormon emigrants, 2,500 in number. Over the broad plains of Nebraska we slowly wended our way—the sun, our pillar of fire by day, and we followed his course to the West. One long evening in October, weary and footsore, we climbed a rugged mountain—torments dwindled into silver threads, and looked like white snakes twisting among the deepening faldges. A round us the snow-clad hills—above us the crimson clouds—before us the Salt Lake Valley—the city of promise—the land of life! I remember how I wept and shouted, how wives hung upon their husbands, how fathers blessed their children, how gray heads were bowed in prayer. With one voice, we shouted Hosannah! While the hills echoed it up to Heaven, and the mountain breeze wafted it down toward our brethren, our city, our home. But alas, for our error! Alas for our infatuation!

After giving a graphic description of the City, the lecturer now proceeded to describe the doctrine of Mormonism, in which he said that their faith tried to define, limit and describe the means and manner of all existence which it pretends to draw from a garbled use of the Scriptures. There are many gods, they say; one is the omnipotent president, over infinity. He is the result of an accidental accumulation of atoms of intelligent matter that have eternally existed. Under this great head come the inferior gods, who preside over each separate astral system that circles with their solar system around the throne of the great I Am. Still inferior to the gods of the various solar systems, these which believe is the God whom the Jews call Jehovah, whose dominion is limited to the narrow boundaries of other planets. And below these deities they believe that each world has its particular god. Of this they say that Adam is the god, and that Jesus Christ is the son. Still inferior to this god each dispensation has its god also. Joseph Smith is the God of the dispensation, and Brigham Young of this part of it. The attributes of deity, say they, are infinite wisdom and absolute power. Implicit confidence in and passive obedience to this authority is the only duty of and salvation for mankind. The faithful Moleen reverences Mohammed as God's vicegerent—faithful Mormons do more; they revere Brigham Young as God himself. The lecturer now described the appearance of Brigham Young when he first saw him. He seemed a large powerful man, about fifty years of age, his light brown hair hung loosely and long about his head; a beard, round brow, quick and commanding grey eyes, firm mouth and chin. His voice is clear and sonorous, his style of speech quick and decided, singularly affecting the hearer. No description can convey an adequate conception of his terrible power of vituperative eloquence. I remember when Judge Snow, one of the most able men among the Mormons, was subjected to the ordeal of Brigham's curse, the end of which was his banishment to Australia, where he is now a Mormon missionary.

The mysteries of Mormon initiation are a mere child's farce. The Neophyte is summoned into the Endowment House, there the males are separated from the females, and sent to different sets of rooms. He is laid in a bath, washed and blessed all over in detail, and then pronounced clean from the blood of his generation. A new name is whispered in his ear, and he is told that his salvation depends upon his recollecting it. He is then ushered into another room, anointed and scented with oil, and again blessed from head to foot. He is then clothed in a white linen garment, with symbolic marks upon each breast and the right knee. Over this is placed a white lion robe, crossing the

shoulder and reaching the floor, and is tied around the waist with a small anion sash—a linen cap and shoes complete the equipment. During this investiture, some elders are heard in an adjoining room performing the first chapter of Genesis—that is, creating the world. One personating God, issues his orders, and the others, Jesus Christ and Michael, pretend to execute them. These days are run through in as many minutes, and when the Creator was supposed to be at work on Adam, the personator of the Deity entered our room and began to knead us into shape. He blew into our faces and commanded us to see. Jesus remarked that we were alone. We were then ordered to shut our eyes, and when we opened them, our wives stood beside us, as Eve stood beside Adam. They had undergone similar treatment, and this was the great drama of Creation most absurdly burlesqued. Now we were ushered into the Garden of Eden, when the Devil, fantastically dressed, made his appearance, tempting us at the same time to pluck some dried raisins tied to a shrub. Our wives being instructed, did so, and we shared the forbidden fruit. The Creator then enters, drives out the devil, and curses us, but soon relents, and promises a Saviour who shall take the curse from us. In four different rooms we are made to swear certain covenants. In the first we swear with fearful penalties to observe chastity of body and mind. In the second we swear unlimited obedience to Mormon priesthood, and antagonism to all other sects. In the third we swear inviolable secrecy, fearfully necessary to guard the oath administered in the fourth. In this latter, around an altar, we are sworn, and threatened with the most terrible penalties, to cherish eternal enmity against the United States government, to destroy, and overturn it, to baffle its designs and frustrate its intentions, to renounce all allegiance and refuse all submission, to teach our late to our children, and on our deathbed to leave it to them as a legacy.

The lecturer now addressed a few remarks to those who might, however unlikely it may appear, have become prejudiced in behalf of Mormonism. He concluded by saying that he warred not with persons. If Mormonism be true, Brigham's being a bad man will not make it false. If it be false, though he lived as an angel, would not make it true. I do not renounce Brigham Young, but Mormonism. I do not oppose him for he will soon pass away, and leave only a dishonorable memory and a blackened name.

**FROM MEXICO.**—The steamer Tennessee, from Vera Cruz, with dates to the 7th, has arrived at New Orleans. The position of the Mexican Government was decidedly better. The revolutionists had been vanquished at Puebla and elsewhere. Comonfort had been formally installed. The port of Narihuac had been declared open, but the siege of Campeachy continued. The besiegers were suffering severely for provisions.

**HOGS.**—The last Asheville News says: "Several hundred Kentucky hogs have passed through this place, en route to market. One or two hundred were sold here at 7 cents, twelve months credit. The ruling price must fall considerably under that figure. Many country hogs have been bought at six, and we have no doubt many more will be sold even lower."

**ACADEMY IN BURKE COUNTY.**—By a letter received at this office, says the Yorkville (S. C.) Chronicle, we learn that the Rev. R. L. Abernathy, formerly of the South Carolina Conference, is at present teaching a male and female Academy, 11 miles east of Morganton, the Post Office being "Happy Home." We are glad to learn that his health is much improved, and that his name was to have gone again before the late Conference. To our readers in that section we recommend him as a gentleman in every way competent to the work he has undertaken. His advertisement, of terms, &c., will appear shortly.

**SUICIDES.**—We learn by the Wilmington papers, that Wm. F. Wightman, Esq., editor of the North Carolinian, and a Mr. Elliott, a native of Georgia, who had been residing in Fayetteville for some time, committed suicide on the night of the 10th instant, and were both found dead in their room next morning, at the Shenwell House. They left a short note stating that they had, of their own will and accord, taken nitric acid; but gave no reason for the rash act.

**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—The Dublin University Magazine says: "Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as ten thousand could be selected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. Why should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly amounts to 10,000 words; our common spoken English hardly to 5,000."

**VIRGINIA SENATOR.**—The Legislature, on Monday, re-elected by an almost unanimous vote, the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter to the Senate of the United States, for the six years commencing the 1st of March, 1890.

**A KING RUN MAD.**—By the last news from Europe, we learn that the King of Prussia has entirely lost his senses. He is subject to the strangest hallucinations—sometimes believing himself to be a lieutenant in the army, and complaining to the Queen that his promotion is hindered.

**IMPORTANT INVENTION.**—A beautiful apparatus is to day on exhibition in the great hall of the Patent Office. It is the invention of Samuel Gardner, Jr., of New York, and is called the "Galvano-electric Gas-lighter." By means of it, all the gas jets of a whole city may be lighted, enlarged, contracted, and extinguished at will, and in an instant, by a single person, in any desired position. The apparatus is also applicable to other and more striking uses—to the explosion of ordnance, to any extent and at any distance, to the blowing up of ships by the agency of submerged destructives, &c.—Washington States.

**PACIFIC WAGON ROAD.**—Mr. Beale, superintendent of the Southern wagon road to the Pacific, writes to the Secretary of War, from near the Colorado river, strongly in favor of that route, being two hundred miles shorter than any other, abounding in grass, wood and water, and very fertile. He also speaks in high terms of the services of the camels employed by the government in transporting heavy burdens.

**KENTUCKY.**—The message of Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, is devoted chiefly to State interests. He goes fully into the financial condition of the State, and represents it as very prosperous. The common schools are rapidly advancing. The currency question he treats at length, and commits himself to a national bank.

**MARRIED.**  
In Rowan county, on the 24th inst., Mr. Jacob COOK, to Miss CAROLINE BEAVER. Also, on the 24th inst., Mr. NICHOLAS R. ELLIOTT, to Miss ELLEN C. HOLTSCHOUER. Also, on the 24th inst., Mr. JOHN EAGLE, to Miss LUTITIA M. HOFFMAN.

**DIED.**  
In Lexington, Virginia, on Wednesday the 22nd November, Mrs. MARY SLOAN, widow of John Sloan, deceased, in the 74th year of her age.  
Thus has gone down to the tomb, at a good old age, a mother of a large and devoted family, for whose property and comfort a life of untiring energy and industry had been cheerfully spent. For more than twenty-five years she had been a retiring but consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and as in life she trusted in Jesus, so in death she sustained her, and her end was calm, peaceful, and happy. In the full confidence of faith she committed her soul to Him, with those whom she so tenderly loved, rejoicing in the hope that they would all ere long be glorified in Heaven, and enjoy together the reunion rest which remaineth for the people of God. E.

At his residence near Leesville in Rockingham county, N. C., on the evening of the 8th inst., JOSEPH MITCHELL, aged between forty and fifty years. The deceased was an enterprising farmer and a useful and worthy citizen.

On the evening of the 4th instant, Mrs. CORNELIA W., consort of F. L. Golding, and daughter of the late Dr. William Hamlin, of Asheville, N. C.

Departed this life near Rockingham, Richmond county, N. C., on the evening of the 8th ultimo, after an illness of two weeks, ELISHA CROWSON, in the 87th year of his age. He remarked to his eldest daughter about a week ago, that he was not stricken to die, and that he was prepared to go at any time. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." W. R. T.

**Tribute of Respect.**  
At a called meeting of Greensboro Lodge No. 76, the death of Brother Joseph Mitchell was announced, and this Lodge agreed to attend and bury the remains of the deceased brother with appropriate Masonic honors. A committee was also appointed to prepare suitable Resolutions expressive of the feelings of this Lodge on this mournful occasion, who reported the following:

Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst, our esteemed and worthy brother, Joseph Mitchell; Therefore,  
Resolved, That, while we would ever cultivate a spirit of humble resignation to the Provisions of God, yet we feel that in this mournful dispensation, our Lodge has lost a worthy member; masonry a sincere and devoted friend; and the community a valuable citizen; and that the bereaved wife and children of our deceased brother; and would afford them all the consolation in our power in this their hour of sore affliction.  
Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Lodge; a copy sent to the wife and family of our deceased brother; published in the Patriot and the Times.  
Resolved, That as a further token of our regard for the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

M. S. SHERWOOD, Com.  
T. J. PATRICK, Sec.

**THE GEORGIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL.**—The Teacher's Assistant and Pupils' Friend, ought to be in the hands of every teacher and pupil who wish to make the best possible improvement of his time and talent.

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**Oxygenated Bitters.**—The following letter, from a well-known Architect of Montreal, speaks volumes in favor of the Oxygenated Bitters, as a medicine for those whose occupations are of a sedentary nature.  
Montreal, Nov. 26, 1884.

Gentlemen!—I am happy to be able to send you my testimony in favor of the Oxygenated Bitters, and intended to have done it before this, but have been prevented by professional engagements. I feel great pleasure in recommending it to all suffering from imperfect digestion, sick headache, acidity, or any derangement of the stomach, from which I have suffered very severely upwards of twenty years. From the recommendation of one of my friends, I was induced to try one bottle, and find myself so much benefited by its use, that I do not think it necessary to continue it any further.

You may use this, Gentlemen, as you think proper, and permit me to remain, Yours, very truly,  
JOHN ATKINSON.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors, Clark, by their agents everywhere.

**CONVENTION OF TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.**—On Thursday, the Virginia and North Carolina tobacco manufacturers met in convention in Richmond, and adopted resolutions that agents for the sale of manufactured tobacco shall, after the first of July next, limit their credits to four months; shall make no allowance from the actual weights of tobacco; shall state the names of purchasers, and agents shall not deal in manufactured tobacco on their own account, or have any intervention with brokers. It was also resolved to petition Congress to make it felony for the manufacturers and dealers of tobacco in any one State to use the name of any other State, or any other town or district in another State, in branding their tobacco.

**GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL.**  
J. D. CAMPBELL, A. M., Principal.  
The next Session of this School will commence on the first Monday in January, 1888. Terms as heretofore.  
For particulars address the principal, Greensboro, N. C.

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